

Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion,
And shew'd thou makest some tender of my life,
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to me.

Prin. O God, they did me too much iniurie,
That euer said, I harkened for your death.
If it were so, I might haue let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas ouer you,
Which would haue beene as speedy in your end,
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sau'd the trecherous labour of your sonne.

King. Make vp to Clifton, ile to S. Nicholas Gawsey, *Exit. K.*

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

Prin. Thou speakst, as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

Prin. Why, then I see a very valiant rebell of the name;
I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:

Two stars keepe not their motion in one sphere,
Nor can one England brooke a double raigne:
Of Harry Percy, and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Now, shall it, Harry? for the houre is come,
To end the one of vs, and would to God
Thy name in armes, were now as great as mine.

Prin. Ile make it greater, e're I part from thee,
And all the budding honours on thy crest,
Ile crop to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

They fight: Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. Well said, Hal, to it, Hal. Nay, you shall find no boyes
play here, I can tell you.

*Enter Douglas, he fighteth with Falstaffe, he falls
downe as if he were dead, the Prince
killeth Percy.*

Hot. Oh Harry, thou hast rob'd me of my youth,
I better brooke the losse of brittle life,
Then those proud titles thou hast won of me,

They

They wound my thoughts, worse then thy sword my flesh:
But thought's the slaue of life, and life times foole,
And time that takes suruay of all the world,
Must haue a stop. O, I could propheticke,
But that the earth and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue: no Percy, thou art dust
And food for.

Prin. For wormes, braue Percy. Fare thee well, great heart,
Ill weau'd ambition, howe much art thou shrunke:
When that this body did containe a spirit,
A kingdome for it was too finall a bound,
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough: this earth that beares the dead,
Beares not aliae so stoute a gentleman,
If thou wert sensible of curtesie,
I should not make so great a shew of zeale:
But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,
And euen in thy behalfe ile thanke my selfe,
For doing these faire rites of tendernesse.
Adiew, and take thy praise with thee to heauen,
Thy ignominy sleepe with thee in the graue,
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.

He spieth Falstaffe on the ground.

What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keepe in a little life? poore Iacke, farewell,
I could haue better spar'd a better man.
O, I should haue a heauie misse of thee,
If I were much in loue with vanitie:
Death hath not strooke so faire a Deere to day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.
Inbowel'd will I see thee by and by,
Till then, in blood by noble Percie lie. *Exit.*

Falstaffe riseth up.

Fal. Inbowel'd? if thou inbowel me to day, ile giue you leaue
to powder me and eate me too to morrowe. Zblood, tw'as time
to counterfet, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and
lot too. Counterfet? I lie, I am no counterfet: to die is to bee a
counterfet, for he is but the counterfet of a man, who hath not
the